

In Recital

Catherine Kubash, soprano

assisted by

Jeremy Spurgeon, piano/harpsichord

Sunday April 18, 1999 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Lucrezia (1708)

George Friedrich Handel
(1685-1759)

With guest
Colin Ryan, Baroque cello

Ne poy, krasavitsa, Op.4, No. 4 (1922)

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Sumerki, Op. 21, No. 3 (1902)

Melodiya, Op. 21, No. 9 (1902)

Davno l', moy drug, Op. 4, No. 6 (1922)

Chants d'Auvergne (1923)

Joseph Canteloube
(1879-1957)

Pastourelle

Brezairola

Tchut, tchut

Lou Coucut

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Kubash.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Lucrezia

Recitative

Oh eternal deities, oh stars, stars, whose rays strike down the heinous tyrants, answer my prayers, grasp your deathly arrows and with thunderous fires turn the wicked Tarquinius and Rome to ashes. May then the uneasy laurels now fall from his proud head and the ground become a chasm to swallow in its bowels, as memorable example, the unworthy rascal.

Aria

The cruel and disloyal traitor of my honour now departs, rejoicing in my misfortune. Avenge, fate and righteous heaven, the vile misdeed of the felon, of the wretched monster.

Recitative

But if in heaven, to greater punishment of my dishonour, the provoked gods remain unmoved; if the stars are deaf and do not hear my pleas, I turn to you, tremendous deity of the abyss, from you my betrayed honour awaits its vengeance.

Aria

May the ground, upon which the foul Roman treads, open under him, may the air he breathes become infected. As he walks or looks around, may he meet only with larvae and ruins.

Recitative and Aria

Alas that still in the abyss the Furies, wrath and vengeance sleep. Has Jupiter no arrows for me, has hell no pity? Alas that the gods already hate me; alas, tell me, and if their sorrow does not fall upon my head, their power to punish me shall be the penance of my remorse. Let them punish me, yes, punish my deperate soul but with that sword which I fearlessly already hold in my hand. Let it give this deceitful body its retribution.

Recitative

To you, to you, father, husband, to Rome, to the world I offer my death. May my execrable sin be forgiven, as unwillingly I blotted our honour; may I be pardoned for an even more detestable guilt, that of not having sought my death before sinning.

Arioso

Already in my bosom this sword begins its deathly task. I feel my heart tremble more with the grief of this unavenged fall than with the fury of approaching death. But if here on earth I was not granted the punishment of the tyrant, or that he may be crushed with a more barbarous example, from hell I shall seek his ruin with mortal arrows and with savage and implacable fury, from there I shall achieve my vengeance.

Ne poy, krasavitsa/Oh, do not sing to me

text: A Pushkin

Oh, do not sing to me, fair maiden,
those sad songs from Georgia;
they recall to me
another life and distant shores.

Alas! your ardent singing
stirs up all my memories
of the steppes, of night, of moonlight
shining on a humble girl.

Seeing you, I can forget
this beautiful and fateful image;
but when you sing
she rises up again before me.

Oh do not sing to me, fair maiden,
those sad songs from Georgia;
they recall to me
another life and distant shores.

Sumerki/Twilight

text: M. Guyot

Lost in dreams,
she sits alone by the window;
her head leaning forward,
she gazes into the twilight.
In the boundless azure
of the darkening sky,
the silent celestial throng
begin to cast down their rays;
mysteriously, a shining host
seems to gather there,
as if enraptured,
and hover above
her inclined head.

Melodiya/Melody

text: S Nadson

In death I would hover
on wings of ecstasy,
in a languid half-sleep,
wafted by dreams,
no longer wracked by guilt,
free from wearying thoughts,
all tears forgotten
as I take my leave of this world.
I would like to die

Melodiya/Melody (continued)

in a fragrant springtime,
in a sheltered garden,
scented with flowers,
with swaying lilac-blossom
and nodding lime-trees
casting their shade over me.
I would lie by the brook,
with its mysterious murmuring,
and would not utter a sound.
I would ascend into the deep blue sky,
solemn and still,
into that heavenly paradise
of which we are told...
I would not weep or pray
at my hour of death,
but would fall into a sweet sleep,
into the land of dreams...
I would float...float,
borne ever aloft,
until silently my being
would merge with the cosmos.

Davno l', moy drug/How long, my friend

text: A. Golenishchev-Kutuzov

How long, my friend,
since our last meeting,
when your sad parting glance
remained fixed for ever in my soul?

How long since I have wandered alone,
in strange lands, among strange peoples,
with my sorrowful thoughts
always returning to you, my distant beloved?

Worn out by longing, my heart felt no more;
time stood still, reason was silent...
For how long was my soul becalmed,
until the tempest drove you to me?

We are together again, and the days flow by
like the waves of the sea;
thoughts and words pour forth
from my heart, which is full of you!

Pastourale

"Oh, come here to me!
Come across the river!
Come to this side,
and we shall talk of serious things,
and then for the rest of the day
we shall talk about love!"

"But I cannot get across!
Whatever shall I do?
I have no boat,
nor bridge to cross the water;
nor even a shepherd
to love me faithfully!"

"You would soon have a boat
were you to be kind to me!
You would have a vaulted bridge,
you would have a shepherd too
to love you faithfully
all your life!"

Lullaby

Come, come sleep, descend upon these eyes,
come, sleep, oh come!
Come, etc
Come from wherever you will!
Sleep will not come, the laggard!
Sleep will not come.

The baby will not sleep! Oh!
Sleep, come, hurry up!
Sleep, oh do come here!
It doesn't want to come,
the baby will not sleep!
Sleep, come, hurry up!
Sleep, come to the baby! Oh!

Come, come sleep, etc
It is coming at last, the laggard!
It is coming, here it is!
And the baby is going to sleep...Ah!

Hush, hush

My father has found a job for me,
looking after cows.

ref:
Hush, hush, hush!
Hush, hush,
say nothing about it!
Hush, hush!
Don't make so much noise!

I had no sooner got there,
than my sweetheart came to see me.

ref

I did less of spinning,
than he did of kissing!

ref

Even if some girls are better dressed,
they are no nicer to kiss!

ref

The Cuckoo

The cuckoo is a beautiful bird;
there are none more beautiful
than the cuckoo that sings,
than my cuckoo, than your cuckoo,
than anybody's cuckoo!
Say, have you not heard the cuckoo sing?

Yonder, at the bottom of the meadow,
stands a scarlet flowering tree,
and there the cuckoo sings.
He's my cuckoo, he's your cuckoo,
he's everybody's cuckoo.
Say, have you not heard the cuckoo sing?

And certainly if all the cuckoos
chose to wear bells,
they would sound like five hundred trumpets!
He's my cuckoo, he's your cuckoo,
he's everybody's cuckoo.
Say, have you not heard the cuckoo sing?

Upcoming Events:

Friday, April 23 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Admission: \$10/adult, \$5/student/senior

Sunday, April 25 at 8:00 pm

First Presbyterian Church

10025 - 105 Street

Free admission. Donations welcome

- Tax receipts available

Information: 492-5306

Monday, April 26 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Free admission

Music at Convocation Hall Series featuring faculty member **Stéphane Lemelin, piano**. Program will include works by Beethoven and Schumann.

The University of Alberta Madrigal Singers 1999 Ireland Tour Concert. Leonard Ratzlaff, conductor. Program to be announced.

Master of Music Recital: **Jennifer Goodine, organ**. Program will include works by Mendelssohn, Morel, JS Bach, Dandrieu, and Duruflé.



Please Note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).

